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fin. It was done—a day and night passed—the second evening closed—the servant was raking out the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it must be the house dog—she opened it, and in came the seal, wearied with his long and unusual voyage. He testified by a peculiar cry his delight to find himself AT HOME, and stretching himself by the glowing embers of the hearth, fell fast asleep. The master of the house was immediately apprised of the unexpected return, and in the exigency the beldame was awakened and consulted. She averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and then again committed to the waves. To this proposal the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, and next morning, writhing in agony, taken to the outside of Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the sea.

A week passed over, and things instead of better became worse. The cattle of the cruel wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that the visitation on his cattle exceeded her skill and care. On the eighth night of the seal's being committed to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise was heard at the door—the servant concluded it was the Banshee that had come to forewarn of approaching death, and they hid their heads in bed. When the morning broke, the door was opened, and the seal was found lying dead on the threshold.

The once plump animal was a mere skeleton. The poor beast had perished of hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to pursue its customary food. It was buried in a sandhill; and from that moment misfortune followed the perpetrator of the cruel deed. The old hag was hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her own daughter—while every thing about the man's house melted, as it were, away. His sheep rotted—his cattle died—his corn was blighted—and none of his children came to maturity. He survived every thing he loved or cared for, and died not only miserable BUT BLIND.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

WISE SAYINGS—FROM THE IRISH.

The following passages have been translated from the *Book of Balimore*, fo. 75. The translations are given, as the original is too obsolete for the present purpose, and the necessary explanations to render it intelligible would require too much room. The first paragraph is from the "Advice of Cormac Ulfada, (the long bearded,) to his son," Carbré, Anno 254 —

"No fellowship with a king—no falling out with a madman—no dealing with a revengeful man—no competition with the powerful—no wrong to be done to seven classes of persons, excited to anger, viz:—a bard, a commander, a woman, a prisoner, a drunken person, a druid, a king in his own dominions.—No stopping the force of a going wheel by strength of hand—no forcing the sea—no entering a battle with broken hands—no heightening the grief of a sorrowful man—no merriment in the seat of justice—no grief at feasts—no oblivion in ordinances or laws—no contention with a righteous person—no mocking of a wise man—no staying in dangerous roads—no prosperity shall follow malice—no coveting of skirmishes—a lion is not a safe companion to all persons—three deaths that ought not to be bemoaned: the death of a fat hog, the death of a thief, and the death of a proud prince—three things that advance the subject: to be tender to a good wife, to serve a good prince, and to be obedient to a good governor."

"The son of Fithil the wise, asked him what was the best thing to maintain a family or a house?—Fithil answered, 'a good anvil.'—'What anvil?' says the son.—'a good wife,' says Fithil.—'How shall I know her?' says the son.—'by her countenance and virtue,' says Fithil, 'for, the small short is not to be coveted though she be fair-haired, nor the thick short, nor the long white, nor the swarthy yellow, nor the lean black, nor the fair scold or talkative woman, nor the small fruitful who is fond and jealous, nor the fair complexioned, who is ambitious to see and be seen.'—'What woman shall I take?'—'I know not,' says

Fithil, though the large flaxen-haired, and the white black-haired, are the best; but I know no sort fit for a man to trust to, if he wishes to live in peace.'—'What shall I do with them then?' says the son.—Fithil answered, 'you shall let them all alone, or take them for good or evil, as they may turn out, for until they are consumed to ashes, they shall not be free from imperfections.'—'Who is the worst of women?'—'Becarn.'—'What is worse than her?'—'The man that married her, and brought her home to his house to have children by her.'—'What can be worse than that man?'—'Their child, for it is utterly impossible that he can ever be free from villany and malice.'

"Wisdom is what makes a poor man a king—a weak person powerful—a good generation of a bad one—a foolish man reasonable—though wisdom be good in the beginning, it is better at the end."—*Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.*

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FANATICISM.

The structure of the brain, and the investigation of the phenomena connected with MATTER and MIND, have long employed the researches of the most celebrated philosophers. A Mr. HERMAN GOLTZ passed many years in anatomical investigations of the brain, and in endeavouring to trace the connection between its marvellous and its important uses. At last, despairing of attaining the end of his long and wearisome investigations, he hung himself in his dissecting room, and was nearly devoured by the rats before his loss was discovered. His work on the topography and nomenclature of the cerebral mass is still extant, though of the utmost rarity. Before he committed suicide, he wrote on a slip of paper, the following remarkable words: "For more than twenty years I have pursued a phantom, an *ignis fatuus*, that has decoyed me into misery and ruin. My vision has become so dim that I can no longer distinguish the objects of my research—my hand is too tremulous to hold the scalpel. Confined in this charnel house, I have been estranged from nature's fair and inviting prospects—I have cultivated no man's friendship, nor sought for the affection of women. I have, indeed, read of the charms of society, the exhilarations of wine, the delights of a domestic partner, and the blessedness of children; but I have been a solitary student: water has been my only beverage: no female can reproach me with attachment, nor can a child curse me for its existence. To live longer is useless—the past has been misemployed, the present is wearisome, and I will anticipate the future!"—*The Doctor.*

ON SUBTERRANEAN AND OMINOUS SOUNDS.

Sir John Herschell has lately considered this subject, and conjectures that the noises of Nacooos in Arabia, may be owing to the subterranean production of steam, by the generation and condensation of which, under certain circumstances, sounds are well known to be produced. He also remarks, that wherever extensive subterranean caverns exist, communicating with each other, or with the atmosphere, by means of small orifices, considerable differences of temperature may occasion currents of air to pass through these apertures, with sufficient velocity for producing sonorous vibrations. The sounds described by Humboldt, as heard at sunrise by those who sleep on certain granitic rocks, on the banks of the Orinoco, may be explained on this principle. The sounds produced at sunrise by the statue of Memnon, and the twang, like the breaking of a string, heard by the French naturalists to proceed from a granite mountain at Carnac, are viewed by him as referable to a different cause, viz.: To pyrometric expansions and contractions of the heterogeneous material, of which the statue and mountain consist. Similar sounds, and from the same cause, are emitted, when heat is applied to any connected mass of machinery; and the snapping often heard in the bars of a grate, affords a familiar example of this phenomenon. The following amusing account of an ominous sound is given by Gairdner, in his book on the "Music of Nature." "In one of the baronial castles of the North, which has been uninhabited for years, there were heard at times such extraordinary noises as to confirm the opinion among the country people that the place was haunted. An old

story was current, that an heir apparent had been murdered by an uncle, that he might possess the estate. This wicked man, however, after enjoying it for a time was so annoyed by the sounds in the castle, that he retired with an uneasy conscience from the domain, and died in France. Not many years ago, the property descended to a branch of the female line (one of the heroes of Waterloo) who, nothing daunted, was determined to make this castle his place of residence. As the noises were a subject of real terror to his tenantry, he formed the resolution of sleeping in the castle on the night he took possession, in order to do away those superstitious fears. Not a habitable room could be found except one occupied by an old gardener and his wife in the western turret, and he ordered his camp-bed to be set up in that apartment. It was in the autumn at nightfall, that he repaired to the gloomy abode, leaving his servant at the village inn, and dismissing the antiquated pair to take lodgings at a farm hard by. It was one of those nights which are checkered with occasional gleams of moonshine and darkness, when the clouds are riding in a high wind. He slept well for the two first hours, and was then awakened by a low mournful sound that ran through the apartments. This warned him to be up and accoutred. He descended the turret stairs with a brilliant light, which, on coming to the ground-floor, cast a gigantic shadow of himself on the high embattled walls. Here he stood and listened, when presently a hollow moan ran through the corridor, and died away. This was followed by one of a higher key, a sort of scream, which directed his footsteps with more certainty to the spot. Pursuing the sound, he found himself in the hall of his ancestors, and, vaulting upon the large oaken table, set down his lamp, and, folding his cloak about him, determined to wait for the appearance of all that was terrible. The night which had been stormy, became suddenly still, the dark flitting clouds had sunk below the horizon, and the moon insinuated her silvery light through the chinks of the mouldering pile. As our hero had spent the morning in the chase, Morpheus came unbidden, and he fell asleep upon the table. His dream was short; for close upon him issued forth the horrid groan; amazed, he started up, and sprang at the unseen voice, fixing, with a powerful blow, his Toledo steel in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. At this moment, the moon shot a ray that illumed the hall, and showed, that, behind the waving folds, there lay the cause concealed. His sword he left, and to the turret retraced his steps. When morning came, a welcome crowd, greeting, asked if he had met the ghost? 'O, yes,' replied the knight, 'dead as a door-nail, behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast: bring the wrenching-bar, and we'll haul the disturber out.' With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen, where the sword was fixed, when lo! in a recess, lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks, made for hallowed sounds, were used as props to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak. The wondering clowns now laughed aloud at the mysterious voice. It was the northern blast that found its way through the cranies of the wall to the groaning pipes that alarmed the country round for a century."—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time mispent,
 No healing for the waste of idleness,
 Whose very languor is a punishment—
 Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
 Oh! hours of indolence and discontent,
 Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less,
 Because I know this span of life was lent—
 For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
 Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
 But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
 Life and its choicest faculties were given.
 Man should be ever better than he seems—
 And shape his acts, and discipline his mind
 To walk adorning earth, deserving heaven.

A. de V—.

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

No. I.

EDMUND BURKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In one of the early numbers of your Journal, an appeal was made to our countrymen for their support, on the ground of its being essentially an Irish publication. It appears to me, that the more decisively this principle is acted on, and carried into effect, the better entitled you will be to claim that support and patronage. Independently of this, your readers in England and elsewhere, will know they have before them a work especially devoted to the publication of matters relating to this country. In fact, I would have the Dublin Penny Journal peculiarly and exclusively Irish. I would have, as well the bodily substance of the work national as I would require it to be an essential requisite in every article to be admitted to its pages, that it should treat of some subject connected with Ireland, or, at the least, of some one that should be *practically* useful to such of our countrymen here at home, as are compelled by restricted finances to seek information from a cheap source, for whom, if I do not err, this little work is chiefly intended. To use the words, or at least the sentiment of a talented and patriotic countryman, a principle of evil has been in force in this country, for a series of years, against the encouragement or patronage of every thing of home production, and nothing short of a strong counteracting principle can overcome it.

The best way to overcome this principle is, in my opinion, to try and enlist Irishmen at home in the cause of Irish production, and even as a beginning to go so low as a Penny Journal. It is better to rise than to fall; and if you can enlist their feelings, their exertions, and even their prejudices in your favour, you will render your country a real benefit, and convey to every part of our isle the blessings of intelligence.

It appears to me, that there is one class of subjects which as yet you have scarcely touched on; one that I should think peculiarly desirable, as furnishing strong and practical lessons of sound wisdom and morality; I mean the biography of celebrated men, of whom Ireland boasts to have given not a few to the world. If it were necessary to support my general proposition of the utility of biography we have the authority of Dr. Johnson in asserting, that "no study can be more delightful or more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition."

I anticipate not a few objections, and some of them solid ones too, which may be offered to your giving sketches of the lives of eminent Irishmen: I shall not, however, go into them, for many reasons, one, a sufficient one, is, that it would take up too much time and space: suffice it to say, that the following outline of the life of Edmund Burke, which I send to you for your Journal, will, I should hope, be found free from all objections, that at present occur to me. That the life of this great man furnishes a powerful moral lesson cannot be denied. Gifted as he was with rare talents and a mind of amazing capacity, such as rarely fall to the lot of any of the human race; eminently successful in life, according to human notions of success, having raised himself by his own sole and unaided efforts to a loftier eminence than the most sanguine hopes of his early ambition could have looked forward, of an amiable turn of mind, and still more, in no small degree if we can credit the relation of his biographers, impressed with a deep sense of religion, he yet appears to have closed his career in this world an unhappy man, having discovered too late that he had wasted the energies of his mighty mind in the pursuit of worthless and illusory shadows. The following is but a meagre sketch of the life of a man, in private life, amiable and benevolent, in public, indefatigable, ardent, and abhorrent of injustice. He justly ranks as an orator with the first of modern times; and as a writer, whether we consider the splendour of his diction, the richness and variety of his imagery, or the boundless stores of knowledge which he displays, it must be confessed that there are few who equal, and none who transcend him.